

# ADDRESS

19

DELIVERED BEFORE

## THE MIAMI UNION LITERARY SOCIETY

OF

MIAMI UNIVERSITY, OXFORD, OHIO,

JUNE 28, 1854,

BY

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OF PITTSBURGH, PA.

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## ADDRESS.

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GENTLEMEN OF THE MIAMI UNION SOCIETY:—

You have been pleased to assign to me the duty of pronouncing the Anniversary Address prescribed by the usages of your Societies. The task is not less embarrassing than honorable. If I had adverted to its responsibilities—to my utter inadequacy to meet them in a manner correspondent with your probable expectations—and to the unfriendliness of the pursuits of active life to the patient investigation of any department of knowledge, which would repay your attention, and fall properly within the scope of your institution, I would perhaps have felt constrained, as I have on former occasions almost uniformly done, even at the risk of the suspicion of a want of proper sensibility to the distinction which it implied, to decline the performance of a duty so entirely removed from the sphere of my usual avocations. There is another potent and countervailing influence, however, which has proved too strong for mere prudential considerations like these—strong enough indeed to overrule my scruples and draw me hither, as it were by some mysterious charm. It is the feeling which so often carries the recollection of the student backward into the scenes of his own early youth, as the heart of the distant exile yearns toward his parental home. It is the ever-present temptation to turn aside from the dusty paths of life to revisit the abodes of contemplation, and penetrate anew into the sequestered seats where the Muses still

maintain their ancient and undisputed reign. If there be, as there certainly is, an indefinable something in the quiet, the dreamy tranquillity, the cloistered seclusion of the calm retreats of learning, which never fails to charm the footsteps of the scholar or the philanthropist, and is not without its attractions even to "the world's tired denizen" himself, well may the student be excused for recognizing the mysterious power which, unlocking, as it does, all the deep fountains of memory, must ever hallow in his view every college spire, and invest every venerable pile which has been dedicated to the sublime purposes of instruction, with the multiplied and delightful associations of his early boyhood. This is my apology for appearing amongst you, in obedience to your summons, rather to bespeak your indulgence for the disappointment which I shall be almost sure to inflict, than to establish any claims upon your gratitude by the instruction which I may be able to convey.

But what shall be my theme? The notion of an Anniversary Address implies at least a central point, around which the thoughts of the speaker may be allowed to gravitate in orbits "centric or eccentric," as he wills; and the man who comes here on that mission is expected perhaps to bear a message of some high import, rather than to indulge in commonplaces, and to treat you with the false glitter of a showy rhetoric, wherein words are made to pass current for ideas, and the ear and the understanding are alike charmed into forgetfulness by the attractions of style and the graces of elocution. And yet I do not feel that I have any especial message to convey, or that there is any one question, apart from my own particular pursuits, on which I am at this day fitted to instruct an enlightened auditory; while the profession to which I belong, and its kindred studies, would furnish nothing for their entertainment. Under these circum-

stances, therefore, looking to the object of the Association by which I have been invited here, and deriving a hint from its name and character, I thought I could not furnish any thing more appropriate to the place and the occasion than a few random speculations on the value of Knowledge, and the means of its acquisition, together with a glance at some of the prevalent errors of our own age and country in reference to this subject. I trust, therefore, I shall be excused if, in the course of my remarks, I may be found indulging in an occasional reflection, which may seem rather adapted to the instruction of the youth who hear me, than to the edification of their seniors, by whom I am also surrounded.

I have already adverted to the reverential feeling with which the abodes of learning are very properly regarded by the world at large. If, however, they are just subjects of pride and affection to the scholar or the philanthropist, there is another point of view in which they are invested here with a degree of interest which does not attach to those of the old world. We live in a free country. We enjoy the singular felicity of governing ourselves. There is amongst us no recognized authority which is endowed with the privilege of thinking for the mass. There are no high mysteries of government or legislation which are removed from the understandings of the people, as things too serious or sacred to be approached by them. There is no priesthood, like that of Eleusis, ordained to guard the treasures of the temple from unconsecrated hands—no dark, mysterious symbol—no cunning hieroglyph to lock either the pearls of wisdom or the hoarded mysteries of imposture from the popular gaze. Every man, however humble, is entrusted with some share in the direction of our public affairs, and some power, either for good or evil, over the temporal destinies of his fellows. The direction of the social ma-

chine, with all its complicated checks and balances—perhaps the most cunning, and delicate, and unmanageable of all human contrivances—is committed to the general hand. Every man, therefore, is expected to possess that share of intelligence which is required for the due performance of so high a trust. It is a part of the theory of our government. It is one of the main pillars upon which it rests. The founders of our Constitutions have announced it in the solemn mandate for the encouragement of education, which they have left engraven on the tables of our fundamental law. It is in this view, particularly, that our Colleges and Universities assume a new interest amongst us, and that as they spring up annually, like the creations of enchantment, around us, and throw out their arms to gather within their embrace the abundant material which is awaiting them, to be fashioned into shape and soon returned again, to quicken and inform the mass from which it was originally withdrawn, the patriot cannot regard them without pride, nor the sagacious and far-seeing statesman safely withhold from them the homage and the fostering care which they so eminently deserve.

Who can look upon these multiplied laboratories of mind without reflecting that there, as in the dark and secret chambers of the earth, where Nature is silently performing her grandest operations, a mighty moral power is accumulating, which may one day break forth with more than earthquake or volcanic violence, fraught with tremendous consequences to man, and destined, as it may chance to be directed, either to illuminate the world with a benign and steady radiance, or to wrap it in the terrors of a general conflagration? No one, certainly, who has ever dwelt for a moment on their connection with, and influence upon society at large, or has condescended to bestow on them a thought beyond the



vacant and the vulgar stare which the insensate clown might fling upon their venerable walls, as he plodded by them either going to or returning from his daily task. It is impossible for any reflecting man to turn his attention upon these seats of science, without feeling the conviction rushing upon him with overwhelming force, that here the children of the republic are in training for the mighty task which lies before them—that here the intellects are opening which are destined, perhaps ere long, to impress a new character upon the country and the age—that here the generation is preparing on whose shoulders the robes of magistracy and religion must descend, when that which now holds the reins of both temporal and spiritual power shall have abdicated its short-lived trust. Most true it is, indeed, that not all, perhaps not even the largest proportion of those who are thus prepared for the pursuits of active life, are destined to great eminence in the walks either of literature or science. Some will undoubtedly faint by the way, either through weakness or weariness of spirit, while others will be chilled into the stupor of intellectual death, by the withering neglect with which their first efforts may be received; but all will enjoy at least the capacity of rendering themselves useful to their fellows, and giving a tone to the society in which they live. No man can venture to estimate the degree of influence which is exerted by the effusion of those armies of ingenuous youth who are sent out annually from our colleges, or the vast contribution which is thus periodically made to the stock of general knowledge throughout our country. The effect may not be either visible or tangible in any particular instance, but the quickening power is soon felt and seen in the improved condition of the general understanding, and the spirit of free inquiry which is thus generated and diffused over the land. How inappreciable, then, is

the power which is exerted by the conductors of these institutions! If the boast of the Athenian schoolmaster, that he was able to govern all Greece through the influence which he possessed over his pupils, was considered a little extravagant, it was only because his pupils were children, and there was an obvious fault in the steps of his demonstration. While he was indulging a jest, he probably announced a truth which he would not even have suspected. But if the same language had been put into the mouths of the Sophists, who taught and propagated the different systems of philosophy which were then in vogue, it would have been instantly recognized as a most pregnant proposition. And yet how inconsiderable the influence of those subtile and speculative teachers and disputants, when compared with that of the learned professors who preside over our institutions of learning at the present day! They are not seen wrestling for distinction in the crowded arena; they do not enter into the strife of contending factions, struggling for power or place either in Church or State. They are lifted above the dust of the conflict, and the haze and obscurity of the passions which it engenders, into an atmosphere where the understanding may spread its pinions in freedom: but they are at the same time exerting a power which is only the more formidable because it is not even suspected. They are moulding the ductile material, the divine efflatus, the immortal essence which is committed to their hands, into the shape and consistency which it is likely to retain through life, and are arming and disciplining the combatants themselves for the battle. If a legislator desired to impart a peculiar tone or direction to the national mind—to give a currency which should be permanent and universal to any particular doctrine or opinion, and were wise, he would go into the schools. He



would plant and water it there. Its growth would be slow, but it would be sure. It would fructify there in the course of a few years ; and as the seeds of fruits are said to be carried by the feathered tribes in their migrations from one country to another, it would be borne on the wings of those messengers who are annually sent out from these institutions, and dropped everywhere into the soil which would be prepared by them for its reception. Legislation itself would encounter such an influence in vain. It would make public opinion, and that is in this country the maker of the law, which must follow, and can never make head successfully against it. The lawgiver would stand mute before it. It would snatch the sceptre from his hand, and become the lawgiver itself; for the power which made it can fill the high places of the nation with its disciples, which is only another name for its apostles. The student does not readily forget what he has learned from the lips of those whom he has been accustomed to venerate as the living oracles of truth and wisdom, in the several departments of learning over which they have been called to preside. He goes out from his confinement in the flush of youth, and confidence, and enthusiasm, full of the zeal of propagandism, and with the spirit of the missionary burning within him, and if he ever parts with an opinion which he has imbibed at College, it must be grubbed out like some giant oak, whose roots have struck deep and wide through the virgin soil in which it was imbedded. The experience of every man who has passed through a regular collegiate course of instruction, will verify the truth of this observation. It is not many years since it was the fortune of the individual who now addresses you, to encounter the gentleman, then and now a very learned and distinguished professor, from whom he received his earliest lessons in the science of political economy, and he was obliged to say to him that he had

been nearly fifteen years vainly endeavoring to unlearn a favorite theory of his, which seemed to be at war with the most enlightened popular opinion and the best experience of the country.

If such then be the influences which are exerted by our institutions of learning over the common weal, how much do these influences strengthen and fortify their more obvious claims upon the consideration of our rulers, and how forcibly do they recommend them as matters of general public concern, if not as proper subjects for State regulation? The powers which they enjoy would be fearful if they were abused. Their existence has been detected, and the experiment has been already attempted in Europe. It was on that influence precisely which I have been endeavoring to describe, that the celebrated Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the College of Jesuits, rested his magnificent scheme of universal dominion; and how nearly he had accomplished it, how broad and deep he had laid the foundations of his empire, may be learned in the history of its Providential overthrow. It is the happiness of this country, however, that without legislative intervention, and in despite of legislative neglect, the education of its youth has fallen into the hands of men of exemplary piety and accomplished erudition, entirely worthy of the confidence of the parents, and every way qualified for the high and delicate functions with which they are invested—the quasi-parentage, the formation of the children of the Republic, the guardianship of the most priceless of its jewels.

But if the neglect of the higher branches of education be a fault in the administration of our system, it is one which is not fairly chargeable upon the fathers and founders of our republic. It was a wise and beneficent provision—that to which I have already referred—of the framers of our constitutions, indicative of that forecast and

sagacity which characterized all their labors, that seminaries of learning should be endowed and encouraged throughout these commonwealths. The grand experiment on which they were just entering depended for its success upon the support which it might receive from the combined influence of an integrity which would be proof against temptation, and an understanding which would be elevated above the reach of imposture. They were well aware that the *virtue* and *intelligence* of the people were the very substrata on which the whole fabric of a republican government must necessarily repose, and that the path of conscience must be lighted by the steady ray of a cultivated reason, which should direct it through darkness and storm, like the needle of the mariner, or rather like the pillar of fire which shone in advance of the armies of Israel. They had read the histories of the ancient commonwealths, as men who were disposed to profit by the lessons of *experience*, and they had seen inscribed in their short-lived and tumultuous, though brilliant annals, the effects of popular convulsions, originating sometimes from the best feelings of the heart, but always stimulated and inflamed, for their own selfish purposes, by a few reckless demagogues, under the guise of the friends of the people. They were not of those men so frequent at the present day, who are of the opinion, that while a man must serve his time to every mechanical employment, the highest of all *knowledge*, and the most difficult of all *government*—that which pertains to ourselves—is to be learned by intuition; and that for the government of his fellows, either as a legislator or a captain, he may spring upon the stage without nursing, and without discipline—ready armed and accoutered, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. They endeavored to provide a remedy, and they found it in popular education.

When I use the term *education*, I must therefore be understood to mean the cultivation of the *moral*, as well as of the *mental* faculties—the improvement of the *heart*, as well as of the *understanding*—the training and disciplining of the *affections*, as well as of the *intellect*. It is in vain that the human understanding is developed and strengthened by the aids of science and culture, unless it receives that direction from the hands of the cultivator, which will lead it to useful results. In any other aspect it is only an instrument of mischief, fatal to its possessor, and equally fatal to the society in which he lives—a sword in the hands of a madman, which will only be used to his own and the common injury.

I would not be understood, however, to overlook entirely the advantages of *physical* education. In this instance, however, nature is the best teacher. All that education can effect will be to correct the extravagances of boyhood, and to regulate the flow of those animal spirits—that love of action—that impatience under restraint—which have been implanted by a beneficent Providence for the preservation of the animal frame. The health of the body is essential to the free and vigorous action of the mind. The fumes of indigestion, the exhalations of a disordered stomach, will, as every man's experience must verify, find their way to the throne of the intellect, cloud its perceptions, and clog its ethereal wings. The scabbard must be in a condition to preserve without rust or blemish the glittering weapon which it enfolds. But there is no danger of neglect in this particular. As it is in the infancy of society, so in the hey-day of boyhood, the strife is always for a pre-eminence merely physical. In the one case, the stoutest warrior is by common consent the chieftain of the tribe, and in the other, the champion of the ring, the leader of the play-ground, is the lord of the village school, and the



envy and admiration of all his youthful confederates. Many of those who hear me are no doubt old enough to remember a condition of society which existed in this country, exhibiting the last relics of a long and deadly frontier war, still lingering under the dim and lengthening shadow of the retreating pioneer, wherein the value of the man was measured by the vigor of his arm, and the feats of the hunter and the warrior were the untiring themes of the winter evening's fireside. Those men had been found useful in their day, and were perhaps entitled to admiration for the possession of qualities which the defenceless condition of a border population brought into frequent demand. It was precisely of such material that the heroes and demi-gods of fabulous antiquity were fashioned. They were but a species of knights-errant, who went about, not redressing the wrongs of the weaker sex, but clearing the world of monsters—here exterminating a hydra, and there a robber. The witnesses of these things here have lived long enough to see the last of those monuments of by-gone times and border feuds gradually disappear, and a new and more exalted standard of social excellence erected in our land. And yet they may not be old; but the duration of human life is not to be measured so much by *years*, as by the changes which it has witnessed, and if it be true, according to the theory of some of our metaphysicians, that the proper measure of time is the succession of ideas which pass through the mind, it may be said with equal truth of this country, that the man of *thirty* has lived through more than a century of the vicissitudes of the old world, and witnessed more transition and improvement than has ever distinguished a whole era of European society. Most of us have lived long enough, too, to have seen amongst the companions of our early youth, the bluff dictator of the school-room sink in

the first shock of the great moral battle of the world, while the puny and plodding boy, who shrunk from the rude and noisy pastime of the play-ground, and was laughed to scorn by his confederates for his supposed effeminacy, has, with the aid of the moral power which he was silently accumulating, grappled fearlessly with the difficulties of active life, and risen in a circle of light and knowledge, to some of the proudest stations in society. There are few to be found anywhere beyond the middle age, whose recollection will not supply them with instances of the like description, all illustrative of the superiority of *mental* resources, over any distinction which is merely *physical*, and of the truth of the maxim which cannot be too deeply impressed on the minds of the rising generation, that power does not consist, according to the common understanding, in thews and sinews, though they be as stubborn and compact as steel, but is only resolvable at last into superiority of knowledge. The former is only a blind and passive instrument in the hands of the latter—a mere *caput mortuum*—a dead and inert mass, which must be animated, and informed, and governed, and directed, by a vital and intelligent principle. Wherever they may meet in conflict, whether in the shock of contending armies, or in the peaceful walks of civil society, the lessons of Marathon and Salamis will be again rehearsed, and the power of *numbers* yield to the omnipotence of *skill*. Mere *physical* superiority is no longer available even on that theatre where it flourished so long without a rival. The inventions of *genius* have leveled the inequalities between the *robust* and the *weak*. The battle itself is no longer to the *strong*. It has ceased to be, like the battles of the Iliad, a succession of single combats, depending on mere muscular strength. It has become, in a great measure, a game of skill and science, dependent, like the contests of



the chess board, on a few adroit moves, and determinable frequently without even the shedding of blood. The name of the philosopher Archimedes, and his gallant defence of Syracuse, against a superior investing force, by the aid of his scientific inventions, are familiar to you all. I refer to them merely for the purpose of illustrating my position, that unassisted knowledge is more than a match for even physical power, wherever these two agents may happen to be opposed.

But they do not come frequently in conflict. Mere animal strength, like the powers in mechanics, is always the handmaid and the servitor of superior intelligence. Even the volition which puts in motion every joint and member of the animal frame, is subject to the rule of a superior volition, which by a species of moral fascination, is suffered to direct the movements of whole masses of animated beings. There are few animals in the employment of man more feeble than himself, and yet he has established his dominion over the forest, and compelled the fiercest of its tenants to do him homage. The noble steed which he bestrides, the slave of his pleasure, and the victim too often of his caprice or inhumanity, is endowed with a power which would be an overmatch for the man, and yet is subdued even by the intelligence of the child. And so too is it with this boasted lord of the creation himself. His *uncultivated* reason is dazzled by the light of a superior intelligence, and *his* neck is bowed with equal docility to the yoke of a more cunning master. How else shall we undertake to account for the submission of the *many* to the *one*? How explain the infatuation which has enlisted a whole continent, under the banners of either a religious or a political impostor? How unravel the mystery of which history has furnished us with so many pregnant and memorable examples, of the surrender of that freedom which had been purchased

by oceans of blood, into the hands of a popular leader, and that too under the name of *patriotism*? In what other manner shall we venture to apologize for the credulity which has given currency to demagogues, and sanctified even treason itself under the disguise of a popular name? It is only a few years since a scene of this kind was enacted in Revolutionary France, which astonished all Europe, and even agitated our own distant and peaceful shores. What charm, what fearful illusion was that which prompted the abdication of the popular power, and called into existence, and controlled those mighty armies, which moved like animated masses of machinery, at the bidding of a single man? It was not certainly the physical prowess of the individual—a private citizen, of no royal pretension, of a stature the most diminutive, and of a presence by no means commanding—which could have brought the whole chivalry of a powerful kingdom to his feet, and moved them in blind obedience to his will. No! It was the dazzling genius, the great military and civil talents, the superhuman energy and activity of the man himself, overshadowing and oppressing a national mind which was sunk deep in profligacy and ignorance. This was the whole mystery of that enormous power which subjugated France, and at one time threatened to enslave all Europe. Let us take warning from the example, while we use it to illustrate the influence of an over-ruling mind. It is impossible that any people can remain free without a high degree of moral and intellectual cultivation. The national understanding must be *prepared* for the task of self-government, and the national morals fortified by the lessons of early childhood. The experience of the South American Republics, as well as of France, furnishes abundant evidence of the necessity of antecedent preparation. It has cost them much tribulation to learn that

their revolutions were premature, and they have all relapsed into that condition for which the national mind was best adapted. Our own glorious country constitutes almost the only exception, and we are indebted, under Providence, for *our* success, as well to our free descent as to the stern morality and lofty intelligence of the New England Pilgrims. Whether we have been advancing or retrograding in this particular since the days of our Revolution, is a question which I will not venture to examine. I trust it will be found that the State of Ohio, eldest daughter of my own proud commonwealth, at least, has not neglected her share of the national duty, in rearing her children to a just appreciation of the value of their inheritance, and a proper understanding of their duties as citizens.

The influence of mind over inanimate matter is not less obvious than that to which I have already adverted, and in no other aspect is the axiom on which I have been commenting, either more true or more important. The application of the mechanical powers, either singly or by means of their numerous combinations, is another of the triumphs of knowledge, which pervades nearly all the departments of mechanical industry. It would be difficult to imagine any mere muscular power short of that of the fabled giants of antiquity, which could have piled up those immense pyramids which tower over the plains of Egypt, and have been for ages among the wonders of the world. And yet they are the work of men like ourselves, armed by the aid of science with powers which even surpass the results of modern discovery. You are all familiar with the application of the wedge, the screw, the pulley, the lever and the axle, in their simple forms as well as in many of their combinations. It would be useless therefore to dwell upon the effects of their application either to agriculture or the mechanic

arts. It would be equally useless, I suppose, to refer to the generation of powers by the mere combinations of the chemist, which, whether proclaiming themselves in the thunders of the battle-field, or more unobtrusively soliciting our admiration in the arts of domestic life, have unlocked and evolved all the dormant energies of nature, and compelled the elements themselves to do homage to the wonderful powers of man. It was not a vain boast—that of Archimedes—that with a proper fulcrum he could move the world. It was only an indirect but emphatic way of declaring that it is impossible to assign limits to the multiplication of physical powers. And who shall gainsay the assertion? Who will be bold enough to deny its truth, in view of the discoveries of the last few years? The successful development and cunning application of the amazing powers of steam alone to manufactures and commerce, have multiplied our resources beyond computation, and pushed us almost a thousand years in advance of our immediate predecessors. That single discovery has already almost revolutionized the world. How much more it will yet effect in the improvement of the condition of the human race, I will not even venture to conjecture. This immense labor-saving power has stepped into the arena, and offered its hundred hands to the assistance of man. It has already said to him in effect: “You may now rest from your toil: I will do your work, and ask nothing in return but your *intelligence* to direct me in the prosecution of my labors. Attend now to your own high destiny—to the cultivation and improvement of those faculties with which you alone, of all animated beings, are so largely and so liberally endowed. You have summoned before you all those mysterious powers which were dispersed throughout all the several kingdoms of nature—yoked them together, and compelled them to do your high



behests. Your *spirit* is only wanted to *inform* them; they require only to know your imperious will. You are no longer condemned to a mere round of endless and unceasing drudgery. Henceforth you will have leisure to study the science of government—to scan the mysteries of the heavens—to measure with Newton the distances and orbits of the planets—to explore with Locke the unfathomable depths of the understanding—and, as a necessary consequence, to admire and reverence the wisdom and benevolence which have launched the starry tenants of the heavens through the immensity of space, and contrived that exceeding wonder which is lodged in the frame of man—that impalpable, but immeasurable, instrument of *power*—that divine essence and emanation which have brought all created existence to his feet, and invested him with every thing but omnipotence itself.”

I trust I have now said enough to demonstrate the importance of general education to the proper development of the powers of man, whether applied to the production of *physical* or *moral* effects—in the movement either of animate or inanimate bodies. I trust I have also said enough, in an incidental way, to illustrate its peculiar importance—its absolute *necessity*—in a country where every man is a sovereign, and must be expected from time to time to discharge those functions which pertain to him in that capacity. It is not, however, to be expected that every man shall be a recondite scholar. It is, indeed, impossible for any individual to learn or know every thing, even though his life were spun out to the duration of those of the patriarchs of old. Learning will have its votaries and professors, but as there are different vocations in life, all equally useful, and all requiring a large share of the time of the individual, it is not to be expected that every man shall be competent to explore the mysteries of abstract science, or delve into

the repositories of speculative learning. A certain amount of elementary instruction of a practical kind, and adapted to the uses of active life, is all that can be generally expected, and all that is indeed generally necessary. There is no risk, however, that any boy will be *over-educated* for any employment within the range of individual enterprise. The knowledge of the ancient languages never *disqualified* any man for either agricultural or mechanical occupations. The danger is all on the other side. There is too much hurry and impatience amongst our youth—too much anxiety to get into the world before the proper time. I do not propose to start any new theory on the subject of popular education, but as I am engaged on this topic, I trust I may be excused for directing your attention with some particularity to this error, because it is one into which we are likely to be driven by the character of the age and the genius of our institutions.

We live, gentlemen, in an extraordinary era, on a theatre which is unrivaled in its extent and magnificence, and in a society which has never had a parallel. Old things have passed away—every thing has become new—and every thing is in a state of change and progression so rapid as almost to defy identification, and make very shipwreck of individuality itself. “Action, action, action”—as Demosthenes described eloquence—is the characteristic of our age. *Utility* is the reigning deity, the *summum bonum* of our pursuits; and *wealth* the great end of our discoveries. The slow and plodding habits of our ancestors are entirely discarded. We know no pleasures—we relish no enjoyments, except such as are subsidiary to the one grand aim and purpose of our existence. Society is in a perpetual whirl—bubbling and foaming like a boiling caldron. We are tossed into it in the very tenderness of boyhood. scarce knowing



whether our heels or heads be uppermost, and we are swept round like straws in the general vortex. There is no leisure for thought or reflection; head and heart are alike reeling under the rotatory impulse, and the whole man is distempered by the universal vertigo. All is hurry, bustle and confusion. Every thing is done on the high-pressure principle. The question is not "how can a thing be best done?" but how can it be done in the cheapest and speediest manner consistent with the laws of physics? Your acquaintance passes you on the street with the velocity of a locomotive, and without leisure to bestow on you a civil salutation. Houses are run up with the speed of enchantment—mountains are tunneled—torrents bridged—hills and valleys leveled, with a celerity which would have blinded our predecessors. The labor of ages is accomplished in a day. "We talk in a hurry—travel in a hurry—eat, drink, and sleep in a hurry—are married in a hurry—die before our time—and are buried in a hurry." We are animated velocipedes. We have all the mechanical agents of accelerated motion. Fire, air, earth, and water have been laid under contribution—led captive, harnessed like Hyrcanian tigers to our car, and made to serve our pleasure and to do our sovereign will; and yet we are not satisfied. The steam-horse, that new leviathan of our roads, with chest of iron, and lungs of fire, which thunders along our highways with a speed that never slackens, and a nerve that never tires, is too slow for our ambition. The wings of the carrier-pigeon could not compass a flight co-equal with our desires. If we could be projected from a mortar, or ride on the furious breath of the tornado, we should not still be satisfied. We would outrun the reverberations of sound, and press hard on the rear of the light-winged solar beam.

Is it the character of the age, or the genius of our in-

stitutions, or the peculiar nature of our people, which has produced all this change? I know not, in sooth. Perhaps it is the result of all these causes combined—perhaps the consequence of that sometimes wholesome and vigorous poverty which stimulates industry, leaves no leisure for speculation, and hurries the youth of our country into a premature conflict with the active and agitated mass of its general society, without that moral or intellectual training which is so essential to the preservation of the common weal. In a mere *physical* view, it may have its advantages, as the plunging of a newborn infant into a tub of cold water, is said to strengthen and fortify it against the approaches of disease. But in the other and more important aspect, this system of hurry is full of danger. It is, it must be fatal to every thing like *excellence* in art, or science, or learning, or even moral cultivation; and yet it pervades the whole man, and enters into all his avocations. In England, if I mistake not, the regular term of apprenticeship to a mechanical pursuit is seven years, by law. Here it is always short, and in some instances dispensed with altogether. Hence, obviously, then is the superiority of England in the useful arts, and hence, too, our own lamentable deficiencies. But the evil does not stop here. Our very schools are constructed on the *rail road* principle. Cheapness and speed are the great desiderata. We are educated in a hurry. We are furnished with helps and short-cuts to knowledge; flogged through the forms of a grammar school, whipped over the surface of a college, and forthwith sent spinning, like so many humming tops, and with heads equally light, into the whirlpool of society. “Learning made easy,” or “the art of mastering the whole circle of science in six lessons,” threatens to be announced one of these days as the next marvelous discovery of this age of marvels; as though

the sweat of the *brain* could be relieved by the labor of the steam engine, or the fathomless depths of science sounded, its boundaries coasted through the immensity of space, or its aerial summits scaled by the eagle flight of the loftiest intellect, which ever has inhabited the form of man. There is no short cut—no royal road to learning; and therefore it has been found more convenient to brush over its surface, as the swallow laves its pinions in the sleeping lake, or to discard it in a great measure from our literary institutions. The consequences are obvious. There is little scholarship in our professions, and men of deep erudition are almost entirely unknown. Our universities produce no rare or ripe scholars like those of the old world; and though our professors, and occasionally our men of leisure, may be endowed with the highest means and capacities for the instruction of their fellows, there is no field for authorship where there are so few readers of the higher class, and where learning is not merely like virtue, *its own*, but unfortunately its only reward. The ideas nourished by the conversation and study of the ancients, are sometimes rather a bar to *early* professional advancement, and the fairest bud of promise may wither under the chills of neglect, before the sun of popular favor can ripen it into the full-blown magnificence of vigorous manhood. The wrestler must leap into the ring before his sinews are hardened for the contest, and whether he be victor or vanquished, is immaterial, provided he be paid for the exhibition. To such an extent has this system been carried, and with such apparent success, that our schools are threatening to degenerate into mere labor-saving machines. *Utility* is the deity of the age, and chimes in most harmoniously with the aspirations of the indolent. Any apology to spare exertion, and if men can “get along,” to use an Americanism, without those laborious

adjuncts, which have so often clogged the heels of the dunce, why waste our energies on those "*nugæ difficiles*," which are only preserved through a blind reverence for antiquated systems? Such is the language of the utilitarians of the present day. They sneer at all the learning of by-gone times, in a style generally indicative of their own intellectual poverty, and they proclaim a crusade against those venerable tongues which have treasured for us nearly all that is valuable either in religion or science, through the darkness of many centuries, and have reigned triumphantly in the schools since the revival of literature. I do not propose now to go into an examination of the necessity of those languages to a proper understanding of our own, or to show you, as I could readily do, that the greatest masters of our tongue have been most distinguished for their familiarity with all that was elegant in the literature either of Greece or Rome. I merely advert to the objection, because it seems to have been gaining ground in this country within the last few years. It is a part of that spirit of radicalism which is at work in our land, striving to overthrow those institutions, either moral or religious, which are covered with the hoar of innumerable ages, and sanctioned by the reverence of all enlightened times. I trust that the tide of innovation will be stayed under the auspices of that revival of letters which promises to distinguish the present as an era in the history of the country, and that we shall always be able to find men enough to illustrate our annals, who have been educated at leisure, and educated, too, in the knowledge and admiration of the language, as well as the patriotism of the immortal worthies of Greece and Rome. The old proverb of "the more haste the worse speed," is true in letters as in every thing else. Let then your motto be "*festina lente*," and though your outset in life may be postponed, you will be sure to come



upon the field of action at last with a vigor and maturity of intellect which will soon make atonement for the delay.

It is due, however, to the conductors of our learned institutions to remark, that the defect to which I have referred in our system of education, is not attributable to them. They are very generally, to their honor be it remembered, men of accomplished parts and abundant erudition. It would be obviously their interest, as well as pleasure, to prolong the period of tutelage to such an extent, as to enable them to adapt their instruction to the progressive condition of the mind, and to see the fruit which they have been cultivating, ripening under their own eye, until it is ready to drop on the earth at the appointed time, instead of being rudely and prematurely torn from its parent stem. They would undoubtedly prefer dismissing from their hands the young eaglet, with its pinions fledged and strong, to sending out the callow nursling, which is not yet prepared to leave the nest. They are, however, constrained by a superior will. The desires of the parent, arising perhaps out of the necessities of the country, and seconded by the not unnatural impatience of the child, are not to be resisted by them. Their institutions are for the country, and they have no alternative but to accommodate them to its wishes or necessities. They cannot, however, in deference to those wishes, either invert the order of nature, or reverse its immutable decrees. There is no hot-house process by which the human mind can be forced up beyond its natural growth. To attempt it, would be to thwart the beneficent disposition of Providence, which has assigned a different period, adapted to the necessities of the individual, for the development of each of the several faculties of the mind. It was not a mere fanciful distribution, that which has placed three successive dynasties—*memory*, *imagination* and *judgment*—upon the throne of the intellect. It has its

foundation in the nature and the necessities of the individual. The earliest and most important want of the child is language, and lo! *memory* is at hand, in all its original freshness and power, to gather in the rich vocabulary of thought, and store away the ample materials which are accumulating for future reflection. The soul looks out from the windows of its new mansion upon the great panorama of nature, and singles out, and summons before it successively the objects of sensation, as our first progenitor did the living tenants of earth, air, and flood, to give them names. Nor is the task on which it is employed unworthy of the high destinies of the being itself, or incomparable in point of dignity with any of the future employments of the reasoning mind. It has been the fashion of those who, undervaluing themselves the Greek and Latin tongues, would bring them into discredit, and thus expel them from our schools, to sneer at the labor bestowed on them as an unprofitable study of words. The same objection might be made with equal force to the labors of the boy in the acquisition of his mother tongue. It is but the study of "words," and yet, in the epigrammatic language of the eloquent Mirabeau, "words are things," and things, too, sometimes, of unappreciable power. They are indeed the very vehicles of thought itself—the electric ducts, which convey from man to man, and from generation to generation, the inspirations of truth, and the discoveries of science. They are the instruments of persuasion, the weapons of eloquence, the mighty lever by which whole masses of intelligent beings are moved and subdued. How much of true eloquence depends on copiousness and variety of diction, and the apt and judicious collocation of words, which is only another name for style? Demosthenes is said to have transcribed with his own hand, the great work of Thucydides, no less than nine several times. And, what is



perhaps more to the purpose, it is related of the great Earl of Chatham, himself a master in his kind, and formed, too, after the greatest models of antiquity, that he placed in the hands of his son a copy of Sheridan's Dictionary, and compelled him to read it over carefully not less than two or three times. The product of his instruction was an orator and a statesman, who threw even his great progenitor into the shade: and the rivals of that great statesman—the two most distinguished lights in that brilliant constellation of genius which shone in the British Commons during the largest portion of his administration—were equally distinguished for their proficiency in the languages of those great Republics, which have flung their dying splendors over all future time, and which, according to the remark of the Chancellor D'Agessseau, in relation to one of them, “as though their destinies were not yet accomplished, continue to reign over the earth by their *reason*, after they have ceased to reign by their *authority*.” It is no inferior employment, then—the acquisition of language. But it does by no means follow that the boy who may, in conformity with the ordinances of nature, be thus most profitably employed, is qualified to plunge into the mysteries of abstract science, or to explore the higher regions of metaphysical, or even mathematical inquiry—or that, because he is able to follow understandingly the successive steps in the demonstration of a simple problem in geometry, he is equally competent to grapple with the precession of the Equinoxes, or comprehend the Principia of Newton. If he be hurried prematurely into so high a conflict—*expertus loquor*—memory may possibly take him by the hand, and lead him through it in safety—but the *reasoning* faculty which, once fairly developed, is best trained and disciplined by this species of intellectual gymnastics, will be silent, and the knowledge thus acquired be of no

higher quality than that which is exhibited by the "learned animals," which are taught to amuse the crowd for the benefit of some strolling mountebank. But there is a time for all things, if we will only wait its approach; and they only are wise, who, studying the nature of the mind, and first sounding the keys of that admirable, but delicate organ, will ascertain its powers and capacities, take it as they find it constructed to their hands, and deal with it as the most graceful and accomplished of the Roman poets recommended to his brethren, in the selection of their themes :

*"Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis, æquam  
Viribus; et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,  
Quid valeant humeri."*

If the student will not bide his time, and await the natural development of the last, and, of course, the highest of his faculties, it will not be the fault of his teacher if the result of his first ten years of professional study should be the discovery that, in his precipitancy, he had entirely mistaken the bent of his own genius.

But why all this impatience on the part of the youth of our country to get into the world before their time? Restraint is undoubtedly irksome, but that is not the whole secret. The true answer, if fairly given, would disclose a singular confusion of ideas on the part of the student. It arises not merely from an erroneous impression, as well in regard to the value of an academical degree, as to the duties and responsibilities of active life. It is founded on the opinion that the period which is denominated the "beginning," is the "end" of toil; that, like a cyclopedia just elaborated from the brains of some half-dozen learned professors, the equally learned tyro has only to be opened and perused by a curious and expectant world; that the saturnalia have now arrived to the bondsman, and labor and restraint will henceforth

altogether cease. It is a sad and fatal error on the part of those who entertain such an opinion. The prospect of a successful termination of his college course, crowned with the long anticipated rewards of several years of anxious and unremitting toil, most generally bounds the horizon of the student. You have looked forward to it—and what student has not—with the impatience of the captive who pines at his prison bars, and registers there his hours of heart-consuming solitude—as the era of your deliverance from thralldom, and the end and consummation of all your labors. If you suppose, however, that it is the *end*, you will soon discover your mistake. You will find that it is, as its name sufficiently indicates, but “the *beginning* of the *end*.” Your charter of college freedom—your bachelor’s degree—though it may raise a *presumption* in your favor, and carry you, with some reputation, through the study of a profession, will not pass current far beyond the walls within which it was received, unless you can vindicate your title to it wherever it may be challenged. And challenged it will surely be. In the journey of life you will be called upon at every toll-house and turnpike-gate, to show your passport anew. The world will not inquire whether you are a bachelor or not; and honorable though the distinction be, you will be no wiser the day after you have received it, than you were the day before. All that you can possibly learn within the narrow limits of a college life, and under the tuition of the very ablest masters, is very little when compared with what you *may* yet, and *ought* to know. It was a remark of one of the wisest of the Greeks, that the sum of all human knowledge consisted in knowing how little can be known; and that lesson of humility is, if I mistake not, the very first which is recommended to the student by the celebrated Dr. Watts, in his admirable “Essay on the improvement of the

Mind." The horizon of knowledge, like the sensible horizon around us, enlarges as we ascend. We are like the traveler on the Alps. When we have scaled the first steep, we find another, and another, rising above us and around us—many a sequestered valley spreading at our feet, and many a *terra incognita*, many a broad, untraveled realm, of whose very existence we were before ignorant, stretching out into the blue immense. If it requires, then, the labor of a life to learn this simple truth, how little can we expect to learn in youth of that which it behooves us most to know? Your teachers can do little more than furnish you with the keys to the great repositories of knowledge. They can but carry you to the vestibule of the temple, and leave you there. The rest depends upon yourselves. If you rely on your superiority of native talent, or on the distinctions which you have already won over your equals, they will be sure to disappoint you. High excellence is not attainable, in any pursuit of life, without correspondent industry, and industry is always, in the end, far more than a match for talent. Let any of those who have been educated in a college, look to the numbers who have gone before them. How many of the children of genius have shed their last fierce, but unsteady light, as they were retiring from the abodes of learning? How many have been swallowed up in darkness forever? How many have sunk in the race, or been outstripped by their less gifted equals? I have myself followed the retreating keel of genius, freighted, perhaps, with the hopes of a proud parent, as it shot swiftly from the shore and cleft its liquid way, leaving in its wake a long track of phosphorescent light—until it disappeared in darkness and tempest, and was seen no more of men. I have looked again, and lo! emerging from the gloom, I saw the less pretending bark, with white sails set, bearing up gal-



lantly against the storm, and dashing the sparkling waters from its sun-lit prow. The plodding boy, who was overlooked at school, and felt that nature, which had lavished her bounties with unsparing hand on her more favored children, had been but a step-mother—“*injusta noverca*”—to him, has shot up into the stature of a giant, while his more gifted compeers, who had been taught, like other spoiled children, to lean too strongly on an over-indulgent parent, have been dwarfed into nothingness by his side. Of the few of my own college companions who have shed lustre on the institution in which they were reared, there is scarcely one who was distinguished amongst his fellows for anything beyond an untiring industry and an ardent and unquenchable ambition. They were taught that industry, if not talent itself, was its best aid, and its most efficient substitute, and that no great results could ever be achieved, in any of the walks of life, without its wonder-working intervention. There is indeed no other worker of miracles vouchsafed to our generation. The candidate for popular honors must undergo the like preparation with him who ran or wrestled for the prize at the Olympic games :

*Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,  
Multa tulit fecit que puer: sudavit et alsit:  
Abstinnit venere et vino.*

There is nothing discouraging in this picture. If it teaches you how much there is yet before you, it instructs you, at the same time, how much may yet be done, and how effectually all the inequalities of talent may be leveled. Your destinies are in a great measure in your own hands. *Quisque suæ fortunæ faber*. Time may develop in you a faculty which has not yet had the opportunity of discovering itself even to you. Every man has his several gift—his peculiar excellence. Society

has need of all of them. If you are ambitious, your country bids high for merit. She recognizes no other distinction. *Detur dignissimo* is the language of her patent. She flings open the avenues to power and place, and invites you to enter, if you are worthy. If, on the other hand, you have learned to despise the glittering bauble which ambition covets, you will have the satisfaction of reflecting that you are in possession of a resource which even calamity cannot take away. The slave of pleasure or of toil—the man of business or the jaded voluptuary—emancipated alike from the chains which they have worn, and wearied of the inanities of life, will court the solitude in vain, to escape themselves. They will languish and die at the great table which the author of nature has set out for all the living. The past has no history for them; the earth, and heaven, I might almost say, no mysteries. They have no questions to put to Nature, and though she utters her voice and proclaims her power, in the thunder and the earthquake and the tornado, she holds no language to those who interrogate her not, except that of terror—prolific parent of the earliest of superstitions. For them, the flower may waste its perfume, and the leaf its verdure. For them, in vain, the rock unfold its mineral stores, or tell, in its dateless fossils and its many-chambered shells, the sublime story of an age when man was not—when “Behemoth, biggest born of earth,” upheaved his giant bulk, and Leviathan, “hugest of God’s creatures that swim the ocean stream,” frolicked in the dank morass, or tempestured the world of waters.

Not so, however, with the scholar. The thirst for knowledge—the curiosity of the boy—the God-like privileges of the man—cultivated by indulgence, and growing by what it feeds on, will lead him, even when the world forsakes, to fountains in the wilderness, where he may



quaff exhaustless rivers of delight. He will not weary of the world until he has fathomed all its mysteries, and made himself, if not the master, at least the priest and the interpreter of nature. Disgusted, it may be, with its emptiness and vexations, and fleeing from the society of his fellows, he may plunge into his study for relief, but even there he will not be alone. In that retreat—whether it be a chamber of royalty, or a cloister like that of the fifth Charles—he is in the presence of all the past; he is in communion with the spirits of the mighty men of other times, who being dead, yet live and breathe and speak, in the imperishable memorials which they have left upon our shelves. And when he goes abroad, the thousand voices of nature, all speaking a language with which he is familiar, welcome him aloud, a willing auditor, to the grand concert of creation.

Does any one suppose that this picture is overcharged? I venture to say that there is no man of true literary taste, who has survived the first fever of the blood, and ceased to be a child, who will not confess that his highest enjoyments, his most unfading pleasures have been drawn from the cultivation of letters, and the indulgence of a reasonable spirit of liberal inquiry. If a witness be wanting, let me summon the great Roman—orator and philosopher—before you, to bear his testimony on the same point. The most eloquent eulogium upon the Belles Lettres which perhaps any language has furnished, is to be found in his defence of the poet Archias. I shall give it to you in the original, because no translation could do it justice :

*“ Quod si non hic tantus fructus ostenderetur, si ex his studiis delectatio sola peteretur : tamen, ut opinor, hanc animi remissionem humanissimam, ac liberalissimam judicaretis. Nam cætera, neque temporum sunt, neque ætatum omnium, neque locorum : at hæc studia adolescentiam alunt,*

*senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent: delectant domi, non impediunt foris: pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."*

And yet, when this was written, the school of natural sciences had scarce been opened. Poesy, and Rhetoric, and Ethics, with a little smattering of the exact sciences, were about all that was then known. Nature had not then been interpreted, either upon the earth or in the heavens. The structure of the one was as little known as the laws which governed the other, and the Author of both was a stranger to his creatures, because his works were not understood, nor his power realized.

But there is other authority, from one who did understand at least some of the mysteries of nature, and who was said to have been familiar with all the forms of vegetable life, "from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop which grew upon the wall." It is no less a personage than the great and wise king of Israel himself, who, after having run the career of pleasure, and proved the vanity of all human things, exclaims, "happy is the man that getteth wisdom, and that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared with her; length of days is in her right hand, and in her left are riches and honor."

But the motives of improvement, and the rewards of wisdom, as indicated here, are not by any means the highest. Though riches and honor, and length of days—which is only another name for peace and tranquillity of mind—may have no temptations for the truly wise, there is another view of this question more particularly applicable to our age and country, which must exalt pleasure into duty, and convert indulgence into obligation.

Your mission is a high one: You have a glorious in-

heritance before you. You are the heirs of the mighty past, with all its sublime memories, and all its accumulated treasures of art, industry, and reflection. All that has gone before you is yours. You stand, as it were, on the shoulders of antiquity, and while you look back upon the secrets of the pyramids, no imagination can bound your view in the direction of the still mightier future, with all its high hopes, all its glorious lights, and all its boundless possibilities.

You have, too, a material inheritance in the vast theatre which has been reserved for you, with all the means and accessories for a development such as the world has not yet seen. I have no occasion to dwell on the value of that inheritance. It is the first lesson of the American nursery, and the first and last of the American newspaper. It belongs to the approaching festival of the nation, to stir the pulse of the youth, and to stimulate the excusable egotism of the aged, by commemorating the glories of our race and nation, and magnifying the wonders of our common land. Taught by these means and appliances, to regard yourselves as the chosen people of God—the children of a manifest destiny—you are not likely to undervalue either. I am willing to believe with you that there *is* a destiny which has led us here. I felt it yesterday, as I rolled in a rapid car through the bosom of the primeval forest, and saw its hand-maid, the electric wire—the speedier messenger of thought—skirting the iron track of commerce, and lending to it an additional wing. I could not but feel that this great continent—God's magnificent garden, with all the freshness and the virgin glories of the primeval Eden—was ours by right of his providence; but ours, be it understood, upon the only terms on which he gave the earth, or has ever conferred a blessing upon man—that is to say, that we should till it and improve it. The sweat of

the face is the price at which he makes that and every other blessing ours. I see no manifest destiny which compels us to appropriate the labors of others at any time, or to seize even their hunting grounds in advance of our wants, and in the spirit of the Norman and the Danish freebooter, whose blood is mingled so largely in our veins. Although we constitute the advanced guard of civilization, we are not encamped on this continent for purposes of plunder. It will be ours in the fullness of time, by God's appointment, in the execution of his great law of forfeiture for non-user. By his mysterious dispensations, the lower civilization must give way before the higher, without shock and without violence, in the natural and necessary order of progression and development in the ascending scale. The decree is written in the annals of the races which have peopled the earth before us, and our eyes are now witnessing its fulfillment in the history of the several existing families of man.

But of this two-fold inheritance—this great moral and material patrimony—you are not merely *legatees*, with the absolute right of wasting it at your pleasure. You are *trustees* for all posterity, with the obligation not only to preserve, but to augment what you have received. This is your mission. You stand upon the isthmus which divides the past and future, the legatees of the one, and the *fidei commissarii* of the other. You stand here by a strictly apostolic descent, as the representatives of the great civilizing type of the human family which was sent out, in times anterior to history, from its Asiatic cradle, as a missionary into all lands. The race from which you come, descending with 'torrent rapture' from its mountain fastnesses, upon the ancient civilization as exhibited in the empire of the Cæsars, has successively subdued and humanized and parceled out the continent



of Europe among its several tribes. Its period of adolescence was there. The maturity of its powers is destined to be here. The ingathering of its scattered nations—the re-fusion of its kindred tribes—is now going on amongst us, and proclaims, at no distant day, a higher grade of development—a higher moral, intellectual and material standard of power, than the world has ever witnessed. Your fore-runners in the other hemisphere are but the *past*; your contemporaries there, but the *present*. You are part and parcel of the great *future* of humanity. In you, and those who are to follow you, will be exhibited, if I mistake not, its sublimest manifestations. The flambeau of civilization is still traveling, as it has ever traveled, in the direction of the great lamp of day which Omnipotence has hung, for our guidance, in the material heavens. Already it has crossed the valley of the Ohio. Already it gilds the snow-crowned Sierra Nevada with its advancing beams. Already its light begins to stream upon the western coast and along the western ocean. The isles are kindling with the illumination. Japan is flinging open her thrice-barred gates. Even China—lethargic and drowsy China—with its ancient, inert and unprogressive civilization, is heaving with the throes of a new birth, and quickening through all its giant members, under the impulse of the reddening dawn. The Malay and the Mongol, alike awakened by the earth-shaking tread of the advancing armies of civilization, are straining their visions to catch a glimpse of the uplifted banners of the children of Japhet, as they return from their long and weary pilgrimage, of centuries superadded to centuries, back by the opposite route, toward the cradle of their race—laden not with the bloody spoils of ransacked nations—dragging no tributary kings at the wheels of their triumphant cars—but freighted with the hopes of all

the kindreds of the earth, with the rich trophies of the battles won by science and industrial art, and bearing aloft the emblems of universal peace, with the "*hoc signo vinces*" upon their blazing ensigns. When this cycle is accomplished, then, and not till then, will the destinies of our race be complete. Toward the consummation of those destinies you are, in your day and generation, partial ministers. You are amongst the outriders of that mighty cavalcade. It will not go back. There is no retrogression in the order of Providence. It will not—must not pause. Educated youth of America! Scions of this ancient stock! Boys of to-day! Men of to-morrow! It looks to you for direction. You will be amongst its captains. Mark that ye speed it! See that it loiter not upon its onward march!



